

Friendship

What virtue, or what mortal grace,
But more engrained and pure
We boast it than their passion
Profound as the noble part
Of liberality of heart,
And closeness of discretion.

If every selfish'd gem we find,
Illuminating, heathen mind,
Pierces to imitation;
We wonder Friendship does the same,
That jewel of the purest flame,
Is rather consultation.

We know but falsely will pretend
The requites that form a friend,
Of zeal and a sound one;
Nor any fool he would deceive,
But prone as ready to believe
And dream that he had found one.